

ALL TRACKS WRITTEN, PRODUCED, MIXED, MASTERED & RECORDED BY JPEGMafia

UNLESS STATED OTHERWISE



TRUST!

Produced by JPEGMAFIA

Written by JPEGMAFIA

Mixed by JPEGMAFIA

Mastered by JPEGMAFIA

These hoes is conniving
I won't even try them
I won't even lie
I'm looking good
I won't even fib
Im feeling nice!
I'm looking good today
I bought a new suit
I'm about to go to work
And praise god
I feel like celebrating
I ain't been fucked up
Yea I been fucked over
Still going hard!
I feel like celebrating
Ok I'm fucked up
Yea I been fucked over
Still feeling nice!
Everythings great!
Everythings cool!
Everythings perfect!
Everythings good!
Everythings kosher!
I can't believe that shit
I don'y believe that bitch
I don't believe these niggas bruh
They be lying
These hoes is conniving
I won't even try them
I won't even lie
I'm looking good
I won't even fib
Im feeling nice!

these hoes is conniving
I won't even try them
Even if I did
I wouldn't put it in no rhyming
I ain't chasing plaques
I ain't even running
Baby I'm a soldier
I get medals
When I'm gunning
They looking like Peggy
let's see some receipts
Everything I say I do
Gon' get did
I don't talk trash
I don't say nothing
I just speak facts
Niggas be bluffing
I won't even lie
I feel like I'm looking good
I won't even I'm feeling nice
Trust!

DIRTY!

Produced by JPEGMAFIA

Written by JPEGMAFIA

Mixed by JPEGMAFIA

Mastered by JPEGMAFIA

Dirty

Money
I'm gon make u look dirty
Poke it out
Funny how the world caught up with me
Heard them pigs in the New York dont fuck with me
Sheeple
Niggas just follow
Yall see thru
Help me out
Mamma used to bump Luther no Beatles
McNabb tired of getting soup from the eagles
Karma
In the la with that blicky playing contra
Nasty
You can get the fist ilke Arthur
Love screwing with the cops
Im lana
Two Sigs
Big pun and fat joe they twinz
Pull it out they be mumbling like sims
and I don't need twenty niggas tweaking synths
DIRT!

GET LOW!

GET LOW!

Look at these niggas
Grind my teeth
How they spit so much filler
wannas bes used to wanno be wiggas
Same wannabes wanna be killers?

--Weak ass rhymes weak ass lines.
Same old synths them weak ass slides
~ Fresh carpool this lanes all mine
already lapped can't get nobody by
Who you gon call when the trends all die
Niggas follow I been walking my path the whole time
Shit hurts worse when you deep in the grind
Out on bail like pac in the prime
styles so slutty
Even you gotta try it
My shit jam big drum on the 9
When you spit subs you give me your time
You can't get it back niggas know I ain't lying

NEMO!

Produced by JPEGMAFIA
Co production from Buzzy Lee
Mixed by JPEGMAFIA
Mastered by JPEGMAFIA

downtown

Shawty poke your ass out
I only set Niggas up
I don't back down
Black m,s rolling round with that K out
Everytime I look down im clean
~ Yea got it on me

Big gat
Bail bonds
& Wrist slaps
Let's see u niggas
Try & doge
All this new tech

BUCK!
Buck! Buck! Buck!
Fucking yo bitch
Like I'm back from the war
Fucking yo bitch
When I'm going on tour
Fucked in the head at my best I want gore
In the ocean like Nemo these sharks hit the floor
We can't relate
Bitch I was poor
Empty the safe money on floor

All of my songs a diss
I'm might just ghost write a hit
They know thats money well spent
Yea yea
hold up!
Fuck ?
Nigga did huh with what?
U Gon keep pushing your luck
If I aim for your head
Better hope that u duck

BUCK!
Buck! Buck! Buck!
Fucking that bitch
Like I'm going the war
Fucking yo bitch
When U going on tour
Fuck on me baby you know I'm whore
I Pistol whipped him
so u know that it's war
i ain't even half to show up in court
Dropping the case
Got her dropping her jaw

BUCK!
Buck! Buck! Buck!
Fucking that bitch
Like I'm going to war
Fucking yo bitch
Like I'm going on tour
Fuck on me baby
You know that he Boring
I feel like Ai
Ain't no win
I'm just scoring
Huh
I can afford it
In the ocean like dory
The sharks get em sorted
Nasty!

END CREDITS!

Produced by JPEGMAFIA
Mixed by JPEGMAFIA
Mastered by JPEGMAFIA

**Bitch I write a scene on your life
And I only rap out of spite**

Loss is the theme my life
after the steam and the hype
Dawg!
this is my careers not a dice
Never take L's to a light
bitch I am impervious to type
So young bucking at advice
Néw gloc leave it up to Christ

Fit for a joker need a Harley
Don Callis never been a carny
and u know we showing out for Darby
Me and Tina bucking back at ike
U a diva make we gon drop the mic
New gloc leave it up to Christ
Push

Why would I show my hand
I put on a show on Demand
I was on the show who a fan?
these boys never made a profit
U ain't doing shit Nigga stop it
I see who y'all biggin but it's gas
Grown men co sign trash
Log off go find bags
Two Glocs tucked in a bag
New Switches they Gon attached
And they said we never gonna last
Death loop u ain't coming back
Them tweets cost u a life
U ain't had a hand in the hype
Nah

**Bitch I write a scene on your life
And I only rap out of spite**

Loss is the theme my life
after all the steam and the hype
Dawg
this is my careers not a dice
Never take L's to a light
bitch I am impervious to type
Too young bucking at a dyke
Too young bucking at advice

HAZARD DUTY PAY!

produced by JPEGMAFIA
mixed by JPEGMAFIA
mastered by JPEGMAFIA
Sample replay by Alex Goose

If he fall on that floor let him go

Gone!
Niggas ain't built for this page in my arc
All this Champagne put a stain on my heart
Don't pick him up
he ain't built for this part
If u ain't wasn't here for them lows
WALK
Blick on hip and I'm dressed like a GOD
Labels like burners
Just use em toss
I took a shot and like Moses they part

I can't tell what u mean
Why Does ur black feel like business to me
Industry lies never line up on screen
Peggy keep scoring I feel like the Dream

what u want !
Ugh!
Y'all love the fake
I been real from the start
Never hesitate to shoot at a star
stocked up weapons & pussy and cars
Just thought u should know
Ugh
~ Look at this lane that I made
It was vacant
These veggie grill niggas
Don't really want beef
Real niggas dying
And fake ones replacing
Now I see my DNA all in y'all beats

TALK
Niggas just rap
< don't back up that talk
~ Pray for Me
Got so much smoke in my heart
Rap like I'm gifted
And grew up on guard

Shorty want Dick
Money?
She just want leverage?
1 out 3
Felt like 3 when I'm in it
Peggy the gOAT
More ike the feds as soon as u soon me
U know that it's finished

And
How u can tell that he winning?
Floated right thru the pandemic no limits
stunted creatively
don't got a vision
I Die for my pride
U be hiding in gimmicks
Gloc with a switch
Turn a vegan to spinach
Pm 50 we ain't beefing
U dinner
turn o I'll do it right
Right Into who did it
Some u can't speak
U should Just buy ticket
Choke em to death
With smoke the From this fye
Giving these alt niggas hope when I die
Call up my momma then hang up the line
Money got me feeling white like I'm Thai
HAWK!
When I go out
Tell em Peggy ain't give up
He fought
Fuck EM

GOD DONT LIKE UGLY!

produced by JPEGMAFIA
mixed by JPEGMAFIA
mastered by JPEGMAFIA

Pick a location

Private spot your pride in shock when I put that pen to pavement
Y'all can keep the dick riding I don't need that
Cuz Real niggas they only feel u when they see checks
these days
The bar so low for weird shit
Had to stopp sharing
I'm so peerless
Beats get u off your bum ass Like baron
White boys be on they burners who they think they scaring?
Black men who hate themselves don't like what I be sharing
Steady bumping niggas that don't own what they be blaring
It's apparent
U Niggas got failed by your parents
The kimber
stay on my side like Sharon
Cut your season short as soon I get to airing
God don't like ugly
& Just look at haw u appearing Nigga

You bitches all blue notes
No Harold Melvin
It's facts

Look I get it
Yall need lmsge
Yall dont care bout talent
I know that u won't admit it
But u love my styling
Got a clip at one of my shows
& see me free and wiling
Im a young frank Zappa
U Sarah Palin
Just simple
Basic
No blance
Some niggas is washed up
Yall need to leave the island
Everybody cant be Beyonce
Bitches be wyling
Somebody gotta be michelle
I guess u aint surving
Huh?

WHAT KINDA RAPPIN IS THIS?

Produced by JPEGMAFIA

Written by JPEGMAFIA

Mixed by JPEGMAFIA

Mastered by JPEGMAFIA

Risk x 8
Ice x 4
Bitch look at this shit

What kind of rapping is this?
Tell me...

now I'm looking at this one
now I'm looking at that one
now I'm looking all over the world

Yea little bitch I been rapping like this
Niggas thinking I strip!

are you feeling me now
big dog
Make em follow the script
Like LL when I'm back in the house
Lil bitch I been
Rapping like this
Marion Barry
I'm taking a hit
He carried a cross
I carry a clip
Like
What kind of rapping is this?
I pray to him for a sound
Like Jesus Deliver me now
Weak men always have
So much issues with me
It just happens
It's bound
Lil bitch
I been rapping like this
covered in money
They thinking I strip!
my pop was a ghost
And my partners ain't shit
I Rap like I'm one bar
from slitting my wrist
You one bar away
from me splitting your wig
say a few words
and jump back in the pit

What kind of rapping is this?
Tell me...

now I'm looking at this one
now I'm looking at that one
now I'm looking all over the world

Yea little bitch I been rapping like this
Niggas thinking I strip!

THOTS PRAYER!

Produced by JPEGMAFIA

mixed & mastered by JPEGMAFIA

written by max martin, Rami & JPEGMAFIA

My loneliness

Is killing me inside
I must confess
I still believe and try
Give me a sign

My loneliness

Is killing me inside
I must confess
I still believe and try
When I'm not with you
I lost my mind
Give me a sign
That's it's mine
Hit me
Baby
One more time

I ain't relaxed yet
Taking a break from these albums I'm gassing
Yea my skills is past that
They talking down
We been looking right at that
They think I can't match that
Peggy to real for these games
I blew past that

talking my smack
and u niggas ain't did shit bout
What that?
Are u thirsty?
Are u lost?
Are u dumb?
bitch where u at
Carmen San Diego
all on this map
U lie to the lord
& U lie thru these apps
Your man got the two piece
Guess you'll get the Mac
DONT STOP LYING
I get stuck in the past get to crying
Then remeber my path get to rhyming
It doesn't get better

My loneliness

Is killing me inside
I must confess
I still believe and try
Give me a sign

My loneliness

Is killing me inside
I must confess
I still believe and try
When I'm not with you
I lost my mind
Give me a sign
That's it's mine
Hit me
Baby
One more time

Oh baby baby

ARE U HAPPY?

Produced by JPEGMAFIA

Mixed by JPEGMAFIA

Mastered by JPEGMAFIA

All of my music is mission impossible
I made the Normies belive in a vet
Crackers be thinking these lines are deplorable
~ they just be mad cuz I aim for they neck
Wait..
They just be mad cuz I aim for they neck
~ They just be mad cuz i still get respect
Even when I got my got my foot on they wait
~ Bars
feel like I'm rading they room
Crackers be yelling out mtv next
rip a deal
Settled for fess
You can tell Craig
I doubled it back

Working is hard
It's easy To hate
Twerking for stars
& Scraping the plate
I get it
But homie I can't relate
These off ass beats
Got me blue in face
Rip DOOM
Thru the villain I'm raised
Giving the beats to ***** and cases only

You not gon rattle this Nigga
young peg in the clutch turn to Damian lillard
I made it out poverty richer
You heard one of my songs and triggered
We ain't got the same issues
The text green?
Are you jealous or mental?
So unoriginal you gon have to akwafina
That accent if you wanna trend
All of my hate come from weak ass men
With they weak ass hoes
And they woke ass friends
I come with the truth
I make em go bitch
I'm baiting these incels
To meet with the clipse
DIRTY!



REBOUND!

Produced by JPEGMAFIA
Written by JPEGMAFIA & DATPIFFMAFIA
Mixed by JPEGMAFIA
Mastered by JPEGMAFIA
All instruments by JPEGMAFIA

When I look at your shit im like huh?

When I look at my shit im like AHHHH
Wav cap for me feeling like guapdad
All I do is respond
How am I mad
It gets funny the more that u front
Fore u click be sure what u want

When I'm fucking these ***** bitches
In the public we cool
In the bed she be singing
I'm fucking my enemies bitches
We ain't singing no deal
She just love that we winning
It's on me
I'm down with the sickness
Counting up baby dollars decimals digits
I'm fucking
These ***** bitches
They be ***** out
Cuz she notice The difference
Been there
Did it
Your ****
Was with it
Dig it

— D0 not
Fuck with me
Baby I can't be stopper fr
Last Nigga tried me broke and lying
Baby I heard this man got grilled
Look at the prescher
And look at the spiel
Swear on the Bible I keep it concealed
kissed with no roses i left em like SEAL

Why should I pray for your health?
Baby I'll pray for myself?
Why would I pay for your pics boo?
I'm fucking somebody else!
I'm tucking somebody better!
U stilll just fucking whoever!

I'm over the top, i get to buildin off all of the energy built by the opps/ i get to aimin this flame the banga gon mangle top/ full metal jacket rappin smackin harder then soap in a sock/ key be to lock, I'm meaner than mast i cleaned up the flaw wit a broom and a mop/
flow ain't a prop, snake rockin next to me I drew the line on the site like im brock/
Speakin of brock, line to yo face/ copied and paste, left not a trace/ you gotto taste, shit would've been a zoom meeting bc i woulda boxed up his face/

How u talk shit and get caught with no pole
How u still up and coming u old
Fuck your mamma sister bother & niece
Baby u failed time to try some new goals
We know that ***** that tar
We know u love to put *****
Quata hires think it's cute when they sneak
When we catch em we gon pull him apart

It's ugh ?
It's that way
Counting money
Your ***
In a ashtray
Getting Death threats every week
From some pussies
That y'all never see
First yo daddy got rolled in a sweet
Then you came to my show and got beat
It's so funny you try work it out
When these niggas can't even stay on beat
All then threats be making me hard
Opposite of who u really be
All that shit that u did to ur girl
I just wish that you'd do it to me

He told me to stop dissing his kin
Oops I did it again
Did u know that your ***** is dead
Know it hurts that you missing your Friend
selfish as shit
Niggas know that I'm petty
I know we got beef
And you know I'm winning
Niggas named after baking soda
But ain't never touched no fucking
Coke in your city
Pretending
Thanks to me that bullshit ending
Heard your tape
Glad I didn't get a mention
Cuz you know how that woulda ended
Internet think I be playing with shit
U know I'll bitched you in front of your kids
Know you teacher I plan on confronting you
Show up in class I ain't packing no lunchable
Nigga

OG!

Produced by JPEGMAFIA
MIXED & mastered by JPEGMAFIA

I got have it
It's not a habit
feel like a bad bitch
I smack it up
It's a closed casket
this flow mastered
I'ma whole hasbeen
I know it's tuff
Was spitting
Off beat at my old spot
how You gon tell me I ain't poppin
Baby your not
Finna Take the praise back
Finna take the game back
And I'm still spitting in they mouth I know u hate that
Better put that money down
Better store that cash and tree
Better make it work
Just like they been working me
And when this album over
work for nobody for free
And when this album Over
Work for nobody but me!



DIKEMBE!

Produced by JPEGMAFIA
Written by JPEGMAFIA
Mixed by JPEGMAFIA
Mastered by JPEGMAFIA

Beefing with bums

I just rap for a hobby
Millions of views
Not bad for commy
Yea your lg threats cant stop me
Show me that face
Girl Take off the proxy
I pray that your ears grow up
And i wish u the best in your hobbies

How the fuck you this way now?
U switched up and I dont believe it?
One hand in the air
Feeling like dikembe
When I block the demons
Dont matter who sent
Dont matter where it went
I just cant stop the bleeding
I feel it

I Been struggling babe
Not with money
Not with fame
All my bitches control me with shame
Take down the ip, look at the hate
Blood sweat & tears working In vein
Seven pounds
Everything bright they throw me I shade

Look there dick there's pussy there's profit
These the choices that u gonna make
Wait
Wait
Wait
Wait
How can u hate

Beating up barriers
Fucking up odds
Y'all can't see big Peggy no mas
Beats on deck
No help no mods
Yall know I look up to these stars
Sike
Im the ground with with gods
I act like dick cuz they treat me like Todd

I dont hear none of u
Im in front of u
My lyrics trouble u
They confronting u
How did I did that
U dont wanna knew
Step when I pop out
A good son will do
Anything it takes to make it exist
Musical risk im upping the switch
Blrrr
Blrrr
Next time u sub
Remember the click

TIRED, NERVOUS & BROKE!

Produced by JPEGMAFIA

Written by JPEGMAFIA

Mixed by JPEGMAFIA

Mastered by JPEGMAFIA

Piano by JPEGMAFIA

additional vocals by Kimbra

~ Why the fuck

You said that shit U said

If you ain't meant

I don't belive it

She bumping Brent

But she black as Ben Carson

Back in the bricks

I Was giving dick

To all my seargents

I know you mad

Cuz yo friends ain't no g's

& We got Straps as big as dugg

In my apartment

Keep It on the hips

when I load the clip

Ima the blow cartridge

& aim that heat at your garments

Boy

What about that shit you said

Them years when I was broke

& What about buying a ticket

to get beat up at my show

The opposition sick of me

Tired nervous or broke

You thought that I forget

But bitch I'm never letting it go

I got em on the ropes

Hit em hard

swing it left

And get em gone

Pick him

Up dust him off

Give him some more

All my opps

Sick tired nervous and broke

And they still take me as some joke

Now are u feeling Me baby

Or do u need it more

I keep straight faces like Casey

whenever I'm in court

I can't keep making fire

I never pass the torch

Lil Bruce Wayne

Im so special with it

Beyond your reach

tryna Big up all these terry mguienss

black Canelo

Putting on a clinic

They don't know how I'm doing it

Still stuck on how I did it

Weak

I wish I would sidechain a kick to a beat bitch please

That's shit u need

BUM

Why the fuck I'm still here walking round if u a demon

See?

I don't belive it

When I shoot my shit

I don't never miss

Bet I hit my target

And they gonna learn quick

I'm the wrong

nigga to start with it

I know why You hate

cuz you don't feel safe in your own apartment

I know why you hate cuz u know you lame even though you balling

Yea I see the bitch in you niggas I know that's common

The money can't change how a bitch Nigga started

start off making threats

end up paying homage

caught for possession

I feel like Sarah mclachlan

Bitch drop yo nuts

I'm tired of tweetting

And talking

Pretty sacks

Big gloc

Bitch Im with that nonsense

What about that shit you said

Them years when I was broke

& What about buying a ticket

to get beat up at my show

The opposition sick of me

Tired nervous or broke

You thought that I forget

But bitch I'm never letting it go

I got em on the ropes

Now are u feeling Me baby

Or do u need it more

I keep straight faces like Casey

whenever I'm in court

I can't keep making fire

I never pass the torch

Lil Bruce Wayne

Im so special with it

Beyond your reach

tryna Big up all these terry mguienss

black Canelo

Putting on a clinic

They don't know how I'm doing it

Still stuck on how I did it

Weak

Your selfish like me

It's why we get along famously

It's too late for me

Baby

I don't wanna be sold out baby

I don't wanna be stressed out for profit

I don't wanna be gon that long

You'll get yours

And I'll get mine

You'll get yours

And I'll get mine

 **(KISSY FACE EMOJI!)**

Produced by JPEGMAFIA

Written by JPEGMAFIA

Mixed by JPEGMAFIA

Mastered by JPEGMAFIA

You better lock your door

Shorty

Niggas gon slide In

No warning

You got got problems keep that shit inside Him

1 deep in the back

Black man can’t depend on sympathy

I feel like Hip hop tried to put a hit on me
pussy niggas put me in a box it’s a belittling repoed
these beats keep coming like kilos
switch styles make em feel like mantio
In this the game the police use cheat codes
Ya heard me

i feel like I just beat case
Whole different styles in my other hand
if you been here a while you relate
I stay feeding my kids I’m they government
baby regan I’m crack on the case
Trickle down get that shit off my chest getting
Bang
Step off the stage I feel so HOT

No weeks to relax
on the road I’m a
red head stranger
You know I gotta keep the smoke for the haters
You know we only distribute with these majors
conceal
All faces no case
No deal
Mind vacant
New champ
New heel
This flagrant
Better yet so real
I love em

i feel like I just beat case
Whole different style in my other hand
If you been here a while you relate
I stay feeding my kids I’m they government
baby regan I’m crack on the case
Trickle down get that shit off my chest getting
Bang
Step off the stage I feel so HOT

BMT!

Produced by JPEGMAFIA

Mixed by JPEGMAFIA

Mastered by JPEGMAFIA

Back in this bitch

With a c on case
all in the gram
But don’t be in my face
gotta keep going
I see why you hate
You know how I do it
I see what u make
Just stop it
Wait
How I got these niggas
Running in place
Mute spitta
when that gun in your face
Packing the Mack
in the back of the gate
everything you hear I actually made
You witty on Twitter
But bitch is you actually paid
Your bodyguards cant keep you safe
I tell the wolves I dont need no plate

Fuck my seargents
Fuck your base
Fuck that harness
Fuck them planes
Fuck your music
Fuck them chains
Fuck your videos
fuck your face
everything that y’all do is fake
everything that I do get hate
I tell the wolves I don’t need no plate
My bulldogs gonna eat yo face

That shit don’t make me
feel no type of way
All in yo city get no hate
None!
All them threats sound fake
A
niggas get shot everyday
B
I can’t peek yo face
C
This price
make him pay

I just want the hate
I just want your place
I gave it up to god
I GOD gave me this K
Make it shake
Wait
I’m tired of dodging fate
It’s so many niggas I hate
It’s so many niggas I can’t

Back in this bitch

With a c on case
all in the gram
But don’t be in my face
gotta keep going
I see why you hate
You know how I do it
I see what u make
Just stop it

THE GHOST OF RANKING DREAD!

Produced by JPEGMAFIA

Written by JPEGMAFIA & Tkay Maidza

Mixed by JPEGMAFIA

Mastered by JPEGMAFIA

**I got yo baby mama
in the backseat**

This other nigga baby mama
won't stop keep harassing me
I can't keep with up these gir s
I just want quiet and peace
there's more than d ck in this world
Bitch take me back to streets

Gotta keep Sonning of u
Fuck everyone of u
I gotta the gun In a tee
she I'm done with u
I had my fun with u
~ Take me back to the streets
. watch your tone
when u ta k this geek
choppa don't jam
It's ke one of y'all beats
Stay in the lab
get the fuck out the streets
This is not what you want
This is not where you at
~ This not it!
I finesse and jugg and that bitch
Give It back I ain't thru w th that shit
Can't do shit on your own
know u need the ass st
attack of the c ones
When these niggas be spitt.ng

off beat shit ain't gon make u a living
Teach u something since you think I'm kidding
wake 3rd eye rapping ass niggas
NOI flows with pork for a image
Ha!
Babe
cal up the minister
something just ain't adding up
But lions and leopards
Ain't meant to be jiggy
Tyrone hill this a'n't met to be pretty
Niggas named after baking
but ain't never touched
no fucking coke in your city

~ she so thick hit that bitch a fast ba l
Know you wanna fuck for my image
heard your tape g ad I didn't get a ment on
Last year b tch I beat a sentence
I swear these hoes just want the attention
stop talking
I see you blurr your face for gram
I'll blur ur face for forensics
With a daw bitch I'm Jimi Hendr x
with this thot shit I'm Eddie hen..
Wait Kendrick
Man.



DAM! DAM! DAM!

Produced by JPEGMAFIA
Mixed by JPEGMAFIA
Mastered by JPEGMAFIA

Damn
Damn
Damn

I feel like the new black hen rollins
Niggas studying my footwork I'm James harden
Bitch who it
Where ya going
Come here
I thought I told yo ass already
I ain't from here
And yea we gotta to drive to la la
and you know why
gotta go & hurry through New Jersey
can't pump there
Babe
I'm such a negative bitch
my friends turned on me
Then I turned rich
Sadam gommarah
I turned back they still talking shit
Damn....
Hold my hand ...
All my ex
ex fans ...
I Promise ...
I swear that baby
some body and a new header
I did ***
Like of course I could do better
What else?
Gotta take more shots
Get a good lead
Keep taking them shots
Till the rim the bleed
Till I succeed
Work like little Steve
Working all day
I don't take no sick leave
<In my sleep hear click beats
Gotta keep swimming
Till that mother fucking ship leak
Ah ha ah ha ah ha
A wha a wha a what?
Your bitch just be fucking whoever
I fuck her she yours
She let him

DAMN!

Is this the price of having fans
Babe
I'm so precise I'm always planned
And
Afro thunder with these hands
On your head gon' be some
On my head must be some bands huh?
Gucci mane
I think U love her
Danny swain
I think I love her
Big nose in that pussy
I Feel like Andre igudula
the money put me in a trance
The label got me nudging stems
Wait!
I need way more than that for an advance
play with my money
Shit won't go as planned
For sure
For sure

Gotta take more shots
Get a good lead
Keep taking them shots
Till the rim the bleed
Till I succeed
Work like little Steve
Working all day
I don't take no sick leave
<In my sleep hear click beats
Gotta keep swimming
Till that mother fucking ship leak
Ah ha ah ha ah ha
A wha a wha a what?
Your bitch....



UNTITLED

Produced by JPEGMAFIA
Mixed by JPEGMAFIA
Mastered by JPEGMAFIA

**Damn
How u it want it then**

Industry done let a
wolf in the pig pen
Big mouth back it up
why u faking then
u niggas still ain't did shit
I'm starting to feel like zimmerman
~ Not fly trap a star
strip a wing from him
Back in the city
U a pot that I'm pissing in
Oo somebody pray for his Dweeb
Some niggas die trying to make a mends

They gon find yo bitch ass face down
You want this Nigga I'll be that
to the grave I'm a be wear yo seed at
U still ain't ran this fade
And u know that I'm still with that nonsense
Leave Lil bitch in the field with no options
But u stay on my mind everyday

Yea
it's no secret
Crown heavy on my head
But I keep it
In the grave like pa
I'm heated
Amazon's fresh
At your door bring the beef In
U still ain't ran this fade
How the fuck am I still on your concience
Know my enemies sick of this taunting
But U stay on my mind everyday

When it's cold outside
Get in up in the office
Dead niggas steam better
Lemme pick a coffin
My Main bitch wanna get hit
But I ain't steve Austin
When I did bury me next to Scott hall And
bottles sharpening my edges ima alcoholic
Gotta keep my hairline on Candace Owens
Kevin Owens
Real nigga fuck a token
Melatonin
Niggas sleeping on the moment
Apnea
Late night
With the Gloc loaded
Joe Budden
With the pump
When I aim focus
Nigga how u never miss when the whole world is hopeless
Joe Biden can't remember think I gotta focus
I be going
Speed thru the tolls
My bitch consoling
All these writers getting fired
feel like James comey
Nigga fuck a interview
U better know
It's on me

& I don't trust
these Niggas views
I gotta kill em calmly
Catch a nigga in the lobby
Hit em with the Olly
And we fucking on your partner
cuz U know im poly
Ima be Swinging on these crackers
Like I'm playing hockey
Young pk subban
With the stick on me
These niggas grey worm
Straight unsullied
Boy you scared and you weak plus you dress bummy
I be twerking on stage like I'm bad bunny
These niggas going thru a phase
I'm going out the country
Why?

Cuz I get more money
Young Thor with the hammer
& you can't touch me
What your life like?
Why you settle for this job?
Couldn't get yo mic right?
These off field niggas spreading highlights
Acting like we can't read a fucking

Yea you not weirdos
And you not with the shits
And your never on go
Wtf
begging for a donation
get momo ou
nigga shout to my hatians
Ugh
~Get money nigga stay patient
When you doing shit right
Lames stay hating yea
_~ Pull that blicky out they singing like clay Aiken
~ y'all circle jerking with no bitches and no bacon
Out west with the smith like I'm jaden
Let it Ring from either hand like nick saban
More money more gun less vacations
~ Nigga we deserve them donations
Don't play with me
Bitch Play PlayStation
It's safer

CUTIE PIE!

Produced by JPEGMAFIA
Mixed by JPEGMAFIA
Mastered by JPEGMAFIA

whole time I got the vice grip
triggers busting niggas ducking
I got the right clip
good manners or the damage
a nigga might tip
I drive the boat for the passengers
this a Kodak moment A nigga might drift
I work smarter not harder
this is a life tip
can't get your show on the road ~
nigga's need a pilot
you niggas trash still slaving away on sylenth
matter fact you slaves
no matter who niggas sign with
lemme look at your deal
21 savage
to these millie vanilli ass niggas
don't even own what u rhyming

I cant take this living all alone
I'm Phyllis Hyman
Billie eilish
got 4 Grammys
It's frightening
slick old nigga I'm pebo bryson
flows be so so so u off key
rapping like its Q4
wrote this in red monkeys

steady hand Peggy my production is a diamond
precision execution and timing
slick rhyming
pick up the pattern tackle melodies like a lineman
rapping offsidess throw the flag when you fine him
Up in your turf with a bomb and a plan
flowing in enemy territory
I feel like walt white
teach u niggas how to get busy on usb mics
rapping like schoolly d
and dressing like magnum P.I.
she need a tip drill
peggy been uncut since E.I.
all these amatuers
they cant keep up with my stamina
ebony
wrong category
you ain't built for what you backing up
make yo bitch back it up
all these weirds beats
you commenting while I'm stacking up
gots to find new wave
these niggas stay attacking us
feel like a Titan
when Im strapping up
my flow a bachelor
get to fucking on the back of her
and get attached to her
pistol poking I look after her
your beats innacurate
muddy low end and you over-compressing
Because you don't know what you doing so you be stacking it
don't know the difference between threshold and attacking it
you impassionate
ungrateful
mince meat don't mince words
bitch I hate u
thinking about what I'ma do
& how ima do it when I face you

BALD! REMIX

Produced by JPEGMAFIA
Written by Denzel Curry
Mixed by JPEGMAFIA
Mastered by JPEGMAFIA

—

Fuck that bitch I changed plan
Switch my style like I switch hands
Block the witness take the stand
Fuck out the way bitch back it up
Shit better get played in a palace
I cant treat niggas like big deals
Why put up a front I'm callous
BALD!
I look like Ray Allen
These niggas make beats on big wheels
Your files is not a challenge
Boy you cant rap for shit
Shuttlesworth blessed me with talent
Hairline proof God needs balance
BALD!

My life was written already
So I was gifted already
And with this god given talent
I knew the devil been met me
Can't compare me to Jesus
Because he ain't no his father
He told me peace be still
And see that steal is revolver
Cause in my hood these niggas
Popping mollies and shootin
I'm stress the fuck out
That's why I must commence to
Get zooted I'm trapped in my head
Between the thoughts of health
And my wealth
Right next to being selfish and just being myself
The fast spitter slash cash getter pass sinner
Sipping bad liquor is the nigga that you know
I'm the goat
To them clout chasers and them bout whatever's and then wave riders
Told em that my life is not a boat
You can't float
Call me ZXLTRXN when I'm rapping
Call me Denzel when we fuck hoe
Your allowed to touch me but I don't wanna keep in touch though
Say I'm living comfortable because I'm making much dough
But I wasn't happy cut my hair and let the sluts go
Ever so softly suicide has crossed me
Did I lose my mind I feel my head been lost me
Been a couple years and haven't spoken to lofty
Haven't seen the family only been with the posse
Couple gold plaques scratch that off a goal list
Cold shit is getting diamond plaques by staying focus
No whip
I won't let em do me like Jahseh
My mama say that I should pray cause demons come in different shapes
Got that stray rats on my body cause Maurice
Don't fuck with bape
All these bars that I be writing make it hard for you to relate
Hesitate I rarely do when fucking these hoes I barely knew
Over turn and start a new can't act like a jit by 32 I'm 25 though
Dreadlocks had your boy like sideshow
Bob
Can't complain about too much because I'm on my job
Switch my look I got em hooked they call me young heart throb
I am bald

BALD!

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Written by JPEGMAFIA
Mixed by JPEGMAFIA
Mastered by JPEGMAFIA

—

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BALD!

Look I'm cashing out
Young Darby I'm tagging in
They gon' bring your casket out
I hope that u fit in it
OOOOO
What u doing babe
How u get caught with no gat
U niggas must got no pride
Peggy gon' give u no slack foreal
Cuz u pussy

Keep my business off the gram
Switch my style like I switch hands
Going to war, on foreign land
Fuck out the way bitch back it up
Shit better get played in a palace
Wait
I cant treat niggas like big deals
These toys don't come with no kids meal
Been there done that done seen it
Not my girl but I fuck her like she is
They be Fucking up my lyrics on genius
And these pussy ass critics repeat it
Been the same since Even Stevens
Yall niggas switch with like the seasons
Y'all lives ain't got no meaning
And them deals ain't got no freedom
I cant just loop it and leave it
Gotta smack it up rip it up and eat it
HA!
U cant feed your kid because
u spent that shit on your car
Tape my hands I'm going over squares heads like a VCR
HA!
BALD!

